

Vignettes by NeroAnne

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Billy will always be an asshole, M/M, adorable boys, cuteness, glimpses into the love they have for one another, most are sweet and happy, smut in some chapters, some later will be angsty, they care so much for each other

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Summary:

Small little glimpses into the love between these two sweet boys. There will be a bit of everything; from love to smut to angst to love all over again. Multiple chapters incoming. The more you like, the more I write.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Due to the overwhelming response on my first Stonathan fic (guys, thanks so much, srsly) I decided to go ahead and dabble with this for a few chapters before moving on to writing a full length fic. That one will be a monster of emotion so just have this little piece for now.

-A Tease-

“So,” Steve began, smiling playfully at his boyfriend. Jonathan was seated on the hood of Steve’s BMW, his faded jean covered knees wrapped around Steve’s hips lightly, and his hands splayed out behind him, supporting his weight and clearly not giving a damn about the car’s worth.

To be honest, Steve didn’t give much of a shit either, not with how god-damned gorgeous Jonathan looked with his long-sleeved red shirt and his brown eyes staring sleepily up at him. The blonde hummed, encouraging Steve to continue speaking, reaching up with one hand to glide long fingers down the older boy’s jaw.

“With me being the king of the school and you belonging to me,” Steve murmured, prepared for the fun he knew was coming with his next words, “that would totally make you my queen, right?” he cackled at the way Jonathan’s legs wrapped tightly around his hips, knees digging into his skin in an attempt to hurt him as Jonathan glared up at him.

“Kiss my ass, Harrington,” Jonathan huffed, turning his face away to reject Steve’s giggling lips. He used his foot to nudge Steve away and moved to escape the other boy’s presence but was caught in a tight embrace.

Steve smirked down into frowning lips and then ducked his head, kissing away that pout. He felt Jonathan’s arm wrap around his neck and he groaned, bullying his tongue past those soft lips and moving

his hands down to grasp his boyfriend's slender hips.

"You're such a jerk," Jonathan grumbled after they broke the kiss.

"Yeah," Steve agreed quietly, nuzzling his smaller boyfriend, "but you kinda like it."

"I kinda do," Jonathan admitted and they shared a tender smile.

--

-A Deal-

"This isn't what I had planned for tonight."

Jonathan smirked, looking over at his disgruntled boyfriend as the sound of kids laughter echoed around the small living room, "Lighten up, this means a lot to Will. He usually never gets to host a party."

"I can see why," Steve grunted as he shoved back by Max and Jane as they ran off to hide outside. "It is so cramped in here."

"Stay near the house!" Jonathan called out to girls before turning to give his boyfriend a slight grin, "So sorry that we all can't have a two story house and a pool, my love."

Steve's cheeks reddened and he rubbed the back of his neck, "I'm sorry, that was rude." He said quietly.

Mike's number was at twenty, and they both watched as the rest of the kids searched frantically for places to hide.

"Don't be," Jonathan said warmly, reaching out to grab his boyfriend's hand, "I was just teasing." He glanced over at Will, seeing him doing his best to hide underneath the sofa cushions. "You're not as small as you used to be, bud."

Will groaned, scurrying away from his spot, "Where would you suggest?"

Jonathan gestured towards the door to his room, smiling softly at Will's widening eyes, "Go on. I trust you not to trash it. Huddle down

in the closet; you'll fit under all the towels."

"Thanks, Jonathan!" Will whispered excitedly, rushing to hide in his big brother's room.

"Aren't you guys going to hide?" Dustin demanded from his hiding spot behind the door. Lucas was hiding just a few feet away underneath the dining table and he hissed at Dustin to shut his mouth.

Steve snorted, "No," he replied, "why would he?"

"Oh, we are," Jonathan promised, grabbing Steve's hand. He tugged him out of the house, bypassing Jane and Max, who were hiding together behind Jonathan's car, and he led Steve to Castle Byers.

"Kinda far," Steve commented as he ducked inside of the hiding spot. He made himself comfortable, resting his hands behind his head as Jonathan settled himself down onto the older man's hips.

"Just wanted a few minutes of privacy," Jonathan murmured, bending down to kiss his sulky boyfriend. "What can I do to make this up to you?"

Steve stared up at him thoughtfully before grinning, "After your mom gets home and she takes over, I'm taking you back to my house where we can hide out for the rest of the night."

"Deal."

Even from where they were, they could hear Mike's loud, "I SEE YOU, DUSTIN! COME OUT!" followed by Dustin's whines.

--

-A Morning-

Steve woke up slowly, his bare skin feeling nice and warm. He smiled into his pillow as he remembered how he and his boy had talked for hours before they inevitably knocked out. He inhaled deeply and rolled over onto his back, "Good morning, bea-

Gone.

Steve sat up immediately, glancing around his room. "Babe?" but there was no one. Sunlight streamed softly from his blinds, framing the side of the bed where Jonathan had slept but now the blonde was nowhere to be found.

Noises from the downstairs caused Steve immediate panic. Had his parents come home early? Had they come up to his room and seen him lying naked in bed with his boyfriend? Did they take his boyfriend and kick him out?

Steve moved fast, jumping up from his bed and grabbing his pajama pants. He shoved them on, ignoring the fact that he forgot his underwear, and rushed downstairs, nearly tripping down the last three steps in his haste.

He whirled around the corner and paused, confused, chest heaving.

The figure in the kitchen turned, eyes wide as he held the spatula over the eggs he was scrambling. "Are you okay?" Jonathan asked, raising a brow at the sight of his out of breath boyfriend.

Steve stared, mouth going dry at the sight of his boyfriend cooking breakfast in his kitchen. He was wearing nothing but his boxers, his pale skin illuminated in the light coming from the window in front of the sink. "You...you cook?"

He could see two plates off to the side, bacon and pancakes loaded on top. He couldn't really remember the last time he has awoken to such a breakfast. Usually, he would sit alone at the table, gulping down a bowl of cereal or oatmeal.

"Yeah," Jonathan answered simply, turning back to the eggs, "I cook all the time at home. It's almost done, by the way, just waiting on the coffee."

Steve walked slowly over to his boyfriend, wrapping his arms around him and resting his chest against Jonathan's back. He inhaled deeply, groaning as he settled his lips over Jonathan's bare shoulder, "Smells amazing."

Jonathan chuckled, "The breakfast or me?"

"Both," Steve whispered, nuzzling Jonathan's ear with his nose, "Thanks, baby."

"You don't have to thank me," Jonathan said just as quietly as he piled scrambled eggs onto both plates. He set the pan and spatula aside and turned in Steve's arms, hugging him briefly before gesturing to the food. "While it's hot," he murmured, smiling softly.

Steve's lips quirked and he pressed the tip of his nose to Jonathan's.

He loved his boy so dearly.

--

-A Request-

"Will you drive? I have a headache."

Jonathan blinked, "You want me to drive your car?" his eyes widened as the keys were tossed to him and after nearly missing them, his hands clasped around the set of keys just as they were sailing over his shoulder.

"Yeah," Steve nodded, already making his way to the passenger side, "I don't know when it started but it's probably because we haven't eaten yet, my head is killing me."

Jonathan stared at the keys in his hand and then at the expensive car parked in front of him. He glanced at his boyfriend, who was waiting. "But...this is *your* car."

Steve's brow rose, "And?"

"This is your very *expensive* car," Jonathan said, his eyes darting from the car to his boyfriend, "You don't let anyone drive your car."

Steve shrugged, "Come on, I'm starving and food will help this damn headache."

Jonathan shuffled nervously, "I've never driven an expensive car." He

bit at his lip, "What if I put a scratch on it?"

Steve smiled gently, walking over to Jonathan. He grabbed the smaller boy's shoulders and steered him to the driver's side of the BMW. "Baby," he murmured patiently, "I trust you. You are a great driver, I've ridden around with you." He reached down to squeeze Jonathan's hand, "It'll be fine."

Jonathan smiled back. "Okay," he murmured, uneasiness forgotten.

"Good," Steve pressed a quick kiss to his lips and then went back to the passenger side, "Now, let's go. I want food."

Jonathan smirked, opening the door and flicking the lock, "Yes, my king."

--

-A Gift-

"What about this one?"

Steve glanced over at the sweater Nancy was holding up. It was a dark green color, with striped sleeves. He grimaced, turning away, "I don't like the stripes."

Nancy groaned, placing the hanger back on the rack, "Steve," she whined, "We've been looking for over an hour. Just pick a sweater already! You know Jonathan will love anything you give him."

"It's his birthday, Nance," Steve murmured, perusing the racks carefully, "this is the first year I'm getting him a gift as his boyfriend. After what he gave me for my birthday, I want to get him something nice."

It had meant so much for Jonathan to be so sweet and considerate with his gifts. The new wallet was something Steve had been meaning to get himself but would never remember to pick up anytime he was out. It was a really nice wallet, too. A black leathered bifold wallet and inside was the second gift, a picture.

The picture, one that Will had taken, of the couple during Christmas

where they were seated on the Byers' couch in the living room looked up at him every time he opened that wallet. Jonathan knew that due to Steve's parents barging into his room whenever they pleased, a framed picture on his nightstand would only cause a fight so he made it simpler.

They were smiling in the picture, Jonathan's hand resting on Steve's knee, and Steve's arm thrown around Jonathan's shoulders. They were wearing matching sweaters made by Joyce, Jonathan's a bright red and Steve's green.

Steve fucking loved that picture.

Jonathan had also made a huge batch of Steve's favorite cookies, given him a fucking terrific message, and one hell of a blowjob-

"You're thinking about something dirty, aren't you?"

Steve smirked at Nancy, winking, "Sure am. His mouth is amazing."

Nancy rolled her eyes, "As nice as it is to know that, you need to pick one already. I promised mom I would babysit Holly."

Steve sighed but nodded, "Okay," he glanced over at the selections on the wall and paused, staring over at a navy blue sweater. It had a wide collar, one that Steve knew would expose his collarbone, and penny-colored buttons.

Nancy followed his gaze, "It's a little bit big, isn't it?"

"He likes his sweaters oversized," Steve replied, already moving to grab it. He snatched it from where it hung, stroking the soft material slowly, "It's perfect."

And when Jonathan opened the bag and reached inside to pull out the sweater, the light that lit up in his brown eyes was everything Steve had hoped it would be.

"It's gorgeous," Jonathan said, extending the sweater to look at it more clearly. He glanced shyly at Steve, "Was it expensive?"

"Don't start," Steve warned, smiling softly, "Remember what you told

me when you handed me the wallet? *Don't go asking about the price.* Those were your exact words." He reached over to grab Jonathan's hand, kissing his knuckles gently, "Well right back at you, Byers."

"Thank you," Jonathan smiled sincerely, "I love it."

"And I love you," Steve leaned over, sealing his words with a kiss. "Happy Birthday, babe."

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2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Angsty angst.

-A Mistake-

The smack to his ass actually kind of stung.

Steve jerked, glancing over his shoulder into furious blue eyes. He frowned, turning back and burying his cheek into his pillow, his hand lifting in the air to point towards his door, "I'm not in the mood, Nancy. Please go away."

"You are *such* an idiot," he heard her say before he was rolled over onto his back. She was staring down at him, eyes no longer mad but gentle. "Will you just go apologize to him?" she sat down beside him.

"How can I?" Steve croaked, dragging a hand down his face, "I basically accused him of cheating on me. With *Hargrove*. Why would he even look at me after that?"

She snapped her fingers at him. "Tell me what happened?"

"Didn't you already hear it from him?" Steve mumbled, not wanting to recall what had happened last night.

"No, actually. He didn't want to talk. So, go on. Tell me." Nancy requested, squeezing his shoulder.

Steve sighed, shaking his head. "I went over," he started, "to his house. I knew he had a long shift at work and I wanted to go over and rub his feet," he rolled his eyes at Nancy's cooing, "hush. He's on his damn feet all day and I like to make him feel better."

"Go on," Nancy chuckled.

"Anyway...once I got there, I see Hargrove's car parked right beside his and I go up to knock on the door and that *motherfucker* answers. He answered the door, Nancy. Like it was okay for him to do that! He

gave me that fucking obnoxious grin and before I could even say anything, I see Jonathan come up from behind him, wearing nothing but a fucking towel."

Nancy nodded, "Mmhmm."

Steve nibbled on the inside of his cheek, "I went off on him," he whispered, "yelled at him. Put all my strength into punching the smug look off of Billy's face. He went down with one hit, Nancy. I've never knocked anyone out with just one hit. That's how upset I was. How *hurt* I was that my boyfriend, my love, would ever cheat on me."

His eyes began to glisten and he reached up quickly to press his fingers to the bridge of his nose, "Jonathan's face, Nance..." he swallowed heavily, "you'd think I'd hit him instead of Hargrove with how destroyed he looked. All the while, I'm just screaming at him, saying really stupid shit while he just stands there and takes the fucking abuse."

Steve laughs sadly, not even bothering to hide the wetness in his eyes as it grows, "And he's used to taking the abuse, you know? He told me so himself. His dad made a verbal punching bag out of him, and all those years being bullied at school, being bullied by *me* in the past," he sniffed, "and there I was, doing it all over again."

"He didn't even fight, Nancy. He just stood there, his eyes wide and his fingers clenched tightly in that damn towel." Steve took in a shuddering breath.

"And then what happened?" Nancy asked gently, stroking Steve's cheek.

"Max," Steve murmured. "She came to the living room, looking pale. She'd been there to hang out with Will and the rest of the brats. Will came over to me and kicked me in the thigh. I'm sure he was trying to aim higher though."

"He told me...said that Jonathan had literally just come home just as Billy was pulling up. He let him in and then went to shower after telling Billy to wait for Max and then get the hell out." Steve laughed bitterly, "I don't know what the fuck I was thinking. All I saw was

Jonathan in that towel, Hargrove's stupid shit-eating grin...and I lost it."

"You always jump to conclusions," Nancy sighed, shaking her head, "You need to learn to take a step back and observe every now and again, Steve." She grabbed his wrist, tugging him up, "Let's go. You're going to apologize."

"He probably fucking hates me, Nancy," Steve whispered, curling in on himself, "What makes you think he'll forgive me for all the awful shit I said to him?"

"Because he's Jonathan Byers," Nancy said softly, "and he loves you, Steve. So much." And with that, she grabbed his hand and pulled hard, leading him downstairs and towards his car.

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-An Apology-

"Jonathan?"

The call of his name, and the tentative knock on the door roused him from his light sleep. He quickly wiped the tear-stains from his cheeks, inhaling deeply before moving towards his door. He opened it, staring down into blue eyes. "Max?"

"I'm sorry," she blurted out, her fingers fiddling with the hem of her blue shirt, "For Billy being an ass. He shouldn't have answered your door, he should have just waited outside for me to come out. He never goes inside Mike's house, or Lucas's, *never*."

The brat pack was behind her, staring at him with wide eyes. Jane reached over, placing a comforting hand on Max's back.

"Hey," Jonathan said gently, reaching out to pat her hair, "It's okay, Max. You don't need to apologize."

"He's right, kid. I should be the one doing that."

Jonathan straightened, staring over Max's head at Steve. The older boy was staring over at him with a timid smile.

“Who let you in?” Will demanded, still angry at the older boy.

“Your mom did,” Steve replied, glancing down at Will before turning his eyes to Jonathan, “Hey, Byers,” he whispered, taking small steps towards him. He was holding something small in his hand but Jonathan didn’t care enough to look at it. “If you’re going to beat me up, can you not do it in front of the kids?”

Jonathan stared at him silently before setting his hand on Max’s shoulder, gently nudging her towards her friends. “It’s okay,” he told Will quietly, seeing the alarm in his brother’s gaze, “go finish your game.”

Will nodded hesitantly, looking to Steve. He frowned, “I hope you make things right,” he said quietly, “I like how happy he is with you.” And with that, he led his friends back to the living room to continue their DnD game.

Jonathan turned his gaze back to Steve, staring at who he was quickly beginning to realize was the love of his life, “Do you want to come in?”

Steve nodded, “Please.”

Jonathan motioned him over, stepping aside to let the tall boy in, and then closed his door. He leaned against it, watching as Steve sat down heavily on his bed. “Want to tell me what the fuck was going on in your head?” he smiled bitterly, “to even *think* that I would ever betray you like that?”

“I’m sorry,” Steve said, voice heavy with emotion, “I just...I love you. I love you so much more than I’ve ever loved anyone. You...you make me so happy and I want to stay with you. I want to be with you, all the time. I can’t ever stop thinking about you. I just...” he trailed off, eyes lowering to the floor. He held out his hand, offering Jonathan the small item he had been holding onto.

Jonathan blinked down at it. A tape.

“What’s this?” he asked, grabbing it and examining it.

“I made it for you,” Steve murmured, still staring at the floor.

A mixtape.

“You made me a mixtape?” Jonathan asked, stunned. “What’s on it?”

Steve licked his lips, cheeks pink, “Play it.” He said simply.

Still surprised, Jonathan moved over to his music player, popping the tape in. He hit the button to play the songs and stared at the player as the first song came on.

I gotta take a little time

A little time to think things over

I better read between the lines

In case I need it when I'm older

Aaaah woah-ah-aah

Now this mountain I must climb

Feels like a world upon my shoulders

And through the clouds I see love shine

It keeps me warm as life grows colder

“Foreigner?” Jonathan murmured, tilting his head. Without having to skip to the next song, he looked over at Steve. “Did you make me a mixtape of love songs?”

Steve nodded, shyly glancing up at him.

Jonathan nodded slowly, lowering the volume on the player. He sat down besides Steve slowly, staring at him, “That is...”

Steve turned to him, hopeful.

“The corniest fucking thing in the world.” Jonathan finished, watching Steve’s shoulders deflate. He laughed softly, “Steve...thank you.” His eyes narrowed, “but you really hurt me.”

“I know,” Steve mumbled, reaching out to grab Jonathan’s hand. He seemed relieved when the smaller male didn’t protest the action, “I’m so sorry, Jonathan. I don’t know why my mind went where it did. I just...I love you so much and the last thing I ever want is lose the one person who makes my life make sense. Who makes me the happiest,” he swallowed hard, and Jonathan sighed softly at the sight of tears in

Steve's eyes, "I'm so sorry."

Jonathan ran his thumb over Steve's knuckles, sighing softly as he pulled the older man into an embrace. He could feel hot tears slide against his neck and he stroked Steve's back gently, "I forgive you," he said softly, "Looking back on it, it did look pretty bad. I was in just a towel, after all." He sighed, "I love you, Steve." He pulled back to stare at Steve in the eyes, expression serious, "Please don't ever doubt that...don't take my love so lightly that you'd think I'd ever cheat on you." He smirked playfully, "At least not with Hargrove."

Steve's lips quirked, "Never again, babe."

An hour or so later, Will opened the door to his brother's room, peeking inside. He smiled at the sight of Jonathan and Steve cuddled up in bed, sleeping in each other's arms.

As they should be.

--

-A Letter-

"You open it."

He watched Jonathan roll his eyes at him, "Steve, it's yours. You have to open it."

"I'm nervous," Steve whined, fiddling with the letter in his hands. He cuddled up to Jonathan, resting his head on his boyfriend's shoulder, "Please, open it. I'll read it myself; I just don't want to open it."

Jonathan sighed, grabbing the letter, "Opening another person's mail is illegal, love."

"I don't care," Steve replied, swallowing thickly as he was handed the letter. He skimmed over it, looking for the sentence he was searching for and then he tensed, his eyes wide.

"What?" Jonathan asked, voice nervous. "Did they reject?"

"I got accepted!" Steve interrupted, shoving the letter in front of

Jonathan's face, "I'm going to *college*, babe!"

He waited, grinning widely as Jonathan read through the letter. He beamed at the proud smile on Jonathan's lips, reaching out to embrace him. "I can't believe I was accepted. I thought for sure every single one would be reject letters."

"You did it, love," Jonathan murmured, his lips pressing a gentle kiss to Steve's jaw, "I knew you could."

"You're next, babe," Steve said excitedly, "apply to this one! You'll definitely get in, your grades are better than mine." He was so excited. College! And in less than a year, Jonathan would join him. They could finally leave Hawkins and start their own lives.

"Yeah," Jonathan agree, smiling indulgently at his boyfriend, "I will."

Steve reached out, hugging Jonathan tightly all over again.

He was so happy.

--

-A Decision-

"Hello, my lovely."

Jonathan glared, grabbing Billy's ticket and ripping it before handing it back, "I'm not your anything. Theater six, on your left."

Billy smirked, leaning against the wall. He motioned for Tommy and Austin to go ahead of him, "Find seats for us," he said to his goons, who moved to follow his instructions obediently after Jonathan ripped their tickets as well.

"Good dogs," Jonathan drawls as they walk past him. He smirks at their heated glares, "Doing whatever master tells them to."

Before either of them could say anything, Billy once again instructs them to go on. With one last dirty look sent Jonathan's way, they left to find seats.

“So,” Billy began, “Harrington going off to college? Leaving his pretty boy here all alone?” He chuckled, “what a bummer. Going off to college only to be tied down with a lover back home.”

“Is there a point to this?” Jonathan asked, smiling at the couple who side-stepped Billy and handed him their tickets. He repeated the mundane process of ripping the paper and telling them which theater to head to before looking to Billy, “I’m working, in case you didn’t notice.”

“Just think about it, Byers,” Billy smirked, moving to bypass the confused blonde, “All those new faces, so many new guys to choose from...and poor Harrington won’t get to experience any one of them because he knows he’s got you here.”

“Who’s to say,” Billy continued, turning around in time with Jonathan, “Maybe he finds someone better, someone who he wants to start dating...and yet he won’t be able to. Because he’s got *you* here. Harrington wouldn’t cheat on you, of course, but I’m sure he would be miserable knowing that he has to come back to you.”

Jonathan licked his lips, trying desperately to not dwell on Billy’s words. Steve was leaving. He was going off to college, where he would see new places, and meet new people. New friends, new experiences and maybe even new interests.

But Steve wouldn’t enjoy those experiences fully knowing that he had a boyfriend waiting for him back home. High school romances rarely lasted. Hell, especially not those in Hawkins. Steve made it. He was getting out. He...he deserved to enjoy his experience...with new people.

Jonathan jumped at the feel of fingers stroking his face. He slapped Billy’s hand away, feeling wetness on his cheek. He glided his own fingers down his soft skin, realizing that tears had been falling from his eyes.

“You might want to end it now,” Billy whispered, blue eyes bright, “before he ends up hating you for being what holds him down.” He smirked, walking backwards towards theater six, “Always nice to see you, pretty thing.”

Jonathan inhaled shakily, tapping hard on the door to his right. His manager opened the door a few seconds later, looking confused. "I'm taking my thirty," Jonathan told the older man, who nodded and took up Jonathan's spot.

He walked towards the break room, his fingers fidgeting with the hem of his burgundy vest. He walked in to the employee bathroom located inside of the room and locked himself in. Staring at his reflection.

He was nothing special, Jonathan knew. But Steve...Steve made him feel so beautiful.

You're fucking gorgeous, Jonathan Byers. You really are.

But how long would that last? What if Steve met another boy in college? One who was even more attractive? Would he stay up at night, thinking about that boy? Wishing he didn't have a boyfriend back home so that he could get to know the new interest?

Jonathan choked on a sob, leaning down to rest his forehead on his arms.

He didn't want Steve to end up tied down so early in life and then end up hating him as a result of it.

Jonathan knew what he had to do. And even if it would hurt him enough to make him feel like dying, he would do it.

Decision made, Jonathan sunk down onto the floor and buried his face in his knees, crying silently.

He had to break up with Steve Harrington.

--

-A Heartache-

"You're being awfully quiet," Steve observed, staring over at his boyfriend. God, but Jonathan was gorgeous. His boy was seated across from him, playing with the ice cream in his bowl. He was wearing the sweater, the royal blue one Steve had gifted him for his

birthday, and just like he knew it would; it was exposing his collar-bones. All that soft pale skin, so ready to be marked.

Jonathan smiled, but it didn't reach his eyes, "I'm just trying to enjoy this," he said simply, lifting the spoon and leading it to Steve's mouth.

Steve opened his mouth, licking vanilla off of his lips as Jonathan gently pulled back the utensil, "You could enjoy it and still talk to me," he joked, watching the way Jonathan's eyes lowered back down to the bowl, taking a bite of ice cream quietly.

Something was wrong.

"Baby," Steve reached out, grabbing Jonathan's hand. His fingers played with Jonathan's palm and he silently marveled at how warm and soft the younger man's skin was, "What's up? You've been kinda of weird ever since I picked you up."

"Later," Jonathan murmured, bringing another spoonful of ice creams to Steve's lips, "I just want to remember all of this later."

"Okay," Steve said, confused. They continued to share the dessert, all the while Steve was feeling incredibly worried. Jonathan was usually quiet, but never this quiet. Not with him.

After paying, they walked hand in hand towards the car. They listened to the mixtape that Steve had made for Jonathan, Steve cringing as Jonathan giggled when Blondie's "Call Me" rang out through the car.

"Call me, my love, you can call me any day or night, call me," Jonathan sang playfully as Steve parked in front of the Byers residence.

"Shut up," Steve grinned, rolling his eyes, "At least you're in a better mood. I was getting really worried." He turned to Jonathan and was surprised when the younger male simply opened the door, stepping out quickly. "Babe?" Steve opened his own door, following after Jonathan.

He leaned back against the hood of his car, pulling Jonathan into his arms slowly. He leaned down, pecking those soft lips, and stared

down at him seriously, “Okay, tell me what’s up.”

Jonathan stared up at him through long lashes, “You’re going away to college in the spring,” he murmured, tracing Steve’s lips with his thumb.

“Yeah,” Steve murmured, “that’s kind of why we celebrated tonight, beautiful.” He kissed Jonathan’s thumb lightly.

“You...you’re going to be so far away,” Jonathan continued with his soft tone. “You’ll meet lots of new people, make new friends...”

“It’s only about a three hour drive,” Steve offered, “and I’ll be home for holidays and breaks. I’ll be sure to come back on our anniversary, your birthday and mine too.”

“With all the time you’ll have to focus on your grades, we won’t get to talk very much and we’ll eventually just stop talking altogether,” Jonathan was babbling but Steve didn’t like it so he was hearing none of it.

“You don’t honestly expect that to happen,” Steve said, disbelief coating his words, “Baby, it’s just one semester. I’ll come back here for my breaks and then you’ll be joining me in no time. It won’t be for long.”

“M-maybe Billy was right and you’ll end up hating me for-

“*Billy?*” Steve repeated, straightening and shaking his head, even more upset now, “What’s Hargrove got to do with this?”

“It doesn’t matter,” Jonathan said tightly, turning away from Steve, “I...you don’t need to hang onto me, Steve. You go off to college, find someone new and you go with them, you hear me? Y-you go out with them.”

“What the hell are you talking about, Jonathan?” Steve was so confused. Not only confused now but also terrified. What the fuck was his boy saying?

“I have to let you go,” Jonathan said quietly, voice hitching at the sound Steve’s sharp inhale.

Steve felt like his soul was being ripped out of his body by an invisible force. All those moments of fear in the past, with the monsters, with not knowing how Jonathan felt, with being so *scared* of rejection...nothing was more horrifying in this very moment.

“You’re breaking up with me,” Steve realized, stunned. He stepped over to look into Jonathan’s face. He swallowed hard at the sight of tears sliding down pale cheeks, the tears looking silver in the moonlight, “Babe, no,” he could feel his heart battering against his chest, “Please, please, don’t do this.”

And when Jonathan’s shoulders began to shake, Steve found that his vision was beginning to blur. “Jonathan,” he whispered, body feeling like lead, “don’t break up with me...don’t break *us*.”

Jonathan didn’t turn around and Steve felt his heart plummet into this stomach.

His heart was broken, and no beating had any ever felt any worse than this.

--

-A Fix-

Steve gritted his teeth, walking straight towards Billy. A group of his peers were already making a way for him, wisely stepping aside to not get caught in the crosshair. Steve didn’t pay any attention to the whispers; he had only one goal in mind.

He found Billy sitting in his usual table, surrounded by Tommy, Austin, Carol and some other girl who Steve couldn’t give a flying fuck about. They were eating their food, laughing amongst themselves but the conversation died down as Steve reached over, grabbing Billy’s can of pop and tossing it directly into his stunned face.

The rest of the students gasped, some already chanting for a fight to begin.

Steve was ready, squaring up to fight as Billy stood up, an enraged snarl on his face.

“What the fuck is wrong with you, Harrington?” Billy hissed, “Do you want to die?”

“What the fuck did you say to him?” Steve growled back, his fists raised, “What did you say to Jonathan, you asshole?”

Billy looked confused for a few seconds, sticky pop residue slipping down his chin, and then his fucking eyes *glowed*.

Steve wished desperately that he had the bat.

“Did he actually do it?” Billy breathed, a smirk curling on his lips, “Did Byers actually dump you?”

Surprised gasps and whispers rose from the crowd. Jonathan Byers? Break up with Steve Harrington?

“What did you tell my boy?” Steve repeated, ready to murder, “I’ll kick your sorry ass, I told you to stay the fuck away from him!”

Billy chuckled, reaching down to grab a napkin, “You should thank me,” he said, dabbing at his skin, “I just set you free from that pretty bitch’s grasp. You’re free to fuck whoever you want when you go off to college now.”

Steve seethed, his knuckles cracking with how hard he flexed them, “You’re fucking dead Hargrove. You put that shit in his head just to take a shot at us, but guess what? It won’t fucking work.”

Billy smirked, leaning to move his face closer to Steve, “What’s the matter, Harrington? Want to keep Byers and look for new guys in college too? Selfish, aren’t you?” he licked his lips, smiling nastily.

“There will *never* be anyone else, you piece of shit. And you will never have him.” Steve ground out, getting right in Billy’s face and pressing their noses together.

Billy sneered and moved to swing and that was when it all imploded. Steve ducked the usual right hook and brought his own fist up in an uppercut, catching Billy right on the jaw. He turned at the sound of footsteps and grunted in pain as his former friend punched him right in the temple.

"If you want in, Tommy," Steve started, shaking his head to get rid of the buzz, "I won't go easy on you."

Austin stepped up beside Billy and Tommy and three cast dark looks his way but Steve merely smirked, tensed and waiting.

He would take down Billy for getting in his and Jonathan's heads. Even if he got pounded by his stupid little lackeys in the process.

Another pair of footsteps came rushing up to his side and Steve glanced over. His lips quirked, winking at the brown eyes he loved so much, "Hey, baby. Right on time."

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"Oh, sweetie," Nancy sighed, resting her head on Jonathan's shoulder as they walked to the cafeteria, "You know that Steve would never hate you. He doesn't want anyone else, Jonathan."

"I just...I can't believe I let that stupid idiot get in my head," Jonathan murmured, "I don't know why I even believed him. I really hurt Steve, Nance."

Before Nancy could say anything, she yelped as she was shoved aside by a group of students, all rushing towards the center of the cafeteria.

"Watch it!" Jonathan told one of the guys, pushing his shoulder away from Nancy.

The guy frowned at him and then took off, making his way to where all the students were crowding.

"What's going on?" Jonathan heard Nancy ask a girl beside her.

"Harrington and Hargrove," was all the girl said, an excited grin on her face as she went on ahead.

"Shit." Jonathan tightened his hold on Nancy, ushering her along the wave of people, making sure nobody touched her. As soon as he got to the front, he let go of Nancy's hand.

Billy was pressed right up against Steve, some sort of liquid dripping

off of his chin. He was nose to nose with Steve, and he said something with eyes flashing, his tongue coming out to lick his lips, dangerously close to Steve's.

There was something about seeing another boy so close to *his* Steve that made Jonathan's chest tighten and his ears ring. The idea, the very thought of someone else being close to Steve, kissing him, touching him, *loving* him...

No.

Jonathan tensed, watching as Billy's eyes turned dark before he moved to swing at Steve. He watched as Steve evaded and retaliated and narrowed his eyes as Tommy landed a punch that glanced off of Steve's temple.

Already rushing into the fight, Jonathan saw Austin step in and he quickly took his place beside Steve.

"Hey, baby. Right on time."

The words caused Jonathan to smile briefly before he turned his attention to the three idiots coming at them. "This seems familiar," he called to Steve, just before Billy punched him right in the mouth. He could already feel his mouth swelling with blood. Rearing his own fist back, he hooked Billy right on the nose, watching his stumble back.

"Just like old times!" Steve yelled, getting back into the fight.

And afterwards, when school security broke them up and they were sent home, Jonathan tossed his keys to Nancy, telling her to drive his car to her house and that he and Steve would be by to pick it up later.

Jonathan smiled, reaching out to wipe at the cut below Steve's eye. "Why is it," he whispered, eyes bright with emotion, "that anytime you hang out with me, you end up bleeding?"

Steve's lips quirked at the familiar words, "I don't know, babe." He turned his head, kissing Jonathan's fingers, "but I wouldn't have it any other way."

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"I'm done," Steve said firmly, pulling Jonathan's shirt off quickly. His hands found their placed around Jonathan's hips and he bent down, pressing a kiss to the other boy's bloodied mouth so hard that it caused Jonathan to wince. "I'm done with this."

Jonathan's own fingers worked quickly to unbutton and unzip Steve's jeans, "What do you mean?" he asked, even as his head fell back, soft sounds leaving his lips as Steve attacked his pale throat.

"No more," Steve murmured, grabbing Jonathan's chin and forcing their eyes to meet. "We don't hurt each other anymore. I hurt you," he kissed those lips again, "when I accused you of cheating on me." Another kiss, "and you hurt me when you fucking dumped me." His eyes narrowed, and he cupped Jonathan's jaw, staring into sad brown eyes, "We're done hurting each other," he decided for them both, "never again."

"Never again," Jonathan echoed, grabbing a handful of Steve's hair and pulling his head down again, sealing his promise with another hard kiss. When he pulled away, lips swollen from something other than the hit from Tommy, he whispered, "I love you, Steve."

"I love you too, Jonathan," Steve murmured, walking the blond backwards the bed. They lay down upon it heavily, bouncing slightly with the force. "I fucking love you."

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Notes for the Chapter:

A happy ending! <3 foodandbooksandthing: I liked your idea and I played a bit into it and I'm SO sorry if I didn't do it justice, I'm sure I didn't.